

To Elizabeth Peacock.

Weymouth

near Boston

February 4th 1857

Dear Mrs. Peacock —

My dear friend,

My date reminds
me of the time twenty years
ago, (twenty years make the dif-
ference between youth & age —
for me especially, — for whence
they have been years of
toil & battle,) when your
name, Elizabeth! — came to
us from Darlington, with
words of encouragement &
sympathy. You have us hold

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ant; — & we have not
failed. — And how much of our
Fidelity, of we be found friskful to
the end, is owing to your
keeps & sympathy, can never
be known. This will be
known — that, from that
time to the present time,
through good report & evil
report, you have been
so true & faithful to us that
words fail suitably to acknowl-
edge it. I shall not try.
I merely took up my pen
to beg your acceptance
(With more prof. errors in
it than I can possibly correct)
of an report of this year's

Bazaar.

Last year I had the
whole actual responsibility of
the Sale on me: - as my
Father's recent death & my fam-
ily's absence in consequence,
left me without men an-
~~aid de camp~~ to send from one
end of the field to the other with
a message. This year, I was
able to ascertain some things about
last year, & such of them as
you should specially hear, I
have cause to report to you.

Last year I observed some
beautiful curtains, hanging, un-
appreciated, - all through the
Fair. I think not a single one
sold at that time. (They were the
ones imported from Glasgow, by
Andrew Paton, at £11. or thereabouts.
- 25/- per pair.) I have since

proposed sales of most of
them: - valuable property
always will, in the long
run, realize: - but this parti-
cular description of property does
not pay ^{enough of} a profit, for two reasons
First, Curtains are not in general
use among us: - & Second, -
if they were, they are, in this,
like oil paintings: - not being
common, our people are a-
fraid to buy them on their own
taste, but go to some party for-
eign ^{turned} upholsterer, who, it may
be never saw a drawing room
in his life, - but only refuse draw-
ings of draperies. Those who travel
bring their own decorations home
with them, & then friends imitate
them; & such things are bought
elsewhere. In short, we are not

get in that trade. ~~52~~ perhaps, next year. They will call avec voix de stentor, for curtains. So uncertain is trade, especially in Thulanthropic realms.

The turn of our people of oil-paintings does not extend to water colour sketches & paintings. These they buy with eagerness, & with pretty good discrimination. I sold nearly \$400 worth this year. Among them was one of "Hesmatic" - marked D. C. I had always thought it by the Carpenters, Mary or Anna. It was extremely beautiful, warm-toned & high-finished. I valued it, some eight or ten years ago (it was your gift, with a lot of others) at \$20. It alone remained un-

Sold, because of the price.
Our people could not then
appreciate it. Meanwhile,
they have been in process
of artistic education: - The
Bazaar, - art-club - Foreign
travel & the like, brought
them up, this year, to quite
a purchasing pitch, & the
"D. C" sold. I think I could
have sold half a dozen such.
We begin to get a notion of
names, too, & talk of Calcott
& the Vernon Gallery, "like any
thing." Nay - even of Ruskin:
(My best double has malediction
upon him, for enabling people
to talk foolishly of what they
know nothing about.) It comes
into my mission of exposing

fortune occasionally to find
him a sad fit. He looks like
a litterateur, but exceedingly unlike
an artist. Poetry is not paint-
ing, & he thinks it is. Protest-
tantism is not art, & he
half suspects it is. Reverence is reli-
gion; & that he is ready to
declare is eminently plectorial.

It is not because he is self-suffi-
cient that I can't abide him but
because he is insufficient. If he
were right his tone would be well.
Being mistaken he seems childish.
The language of high art & low
art and the like, is all for want
of thought. Even the French jargon
of "l'art pour l'art" is not more
wisely destitute of it. In all these
matters, I have learned from the
Anti-Slavery cause & its workings
that that is good for nothing which
is not good for something else. —

8 that the work, artiste or
other, to which all the faculties
a man has do not go, is but
poor work. Men's faculties differ
all are not perfect. But the
best each man has, sincerely brought
up to the work, is sure to do
good & fine pleasure, whether
poetry or painting - life or liter-
ature. Elizabeth Barrett Browning
had not so many faculties in play
when she wrote "The Vision of
the Saadis" as she now has; yet,
although I think the former
the higher effort, shall I
therefore deny the immense
power & beauty of Aurora
Leigh? There is a time when
the inward witness says, like
her "voice" to the youthful poet
"be holy & cold". Long afterward
there comes a voice which says
"be holy & not cold" - both are true commandments.

Julia Griffiths, who have fastened
on the cause as the Leech
does on the Swimmer, to get a
living out of it, are a real
comfort to Englishmen who
want to get philanthropic cred-
it out of it; or to sum,
without actual sacrifice to be
loyal to their traditions. You
will find our report rather har-
shew, because in that sort of
document half demand & supply
& half heavenly mindedness (to
quote Harriet Martineau) there is
no place for the little anecdotes,
which are the most illustrative
of all. You may notice a
word of thanks to a "Mr. Richardson,
recently a slave" at the close. He
did a good deed for us. When
the time of opening the doors
came, I enquired "But where
is the flag?" (the one that
streams across the street, yearly,

letter "Anti Slavery Socy", &
torn with tempest - dark, we
could fancy, with battle-smoke of
of three & twenty fights.)
Forward come the gentlemen
to say - we have applied to the
proprietor opposite, to carry the
rope from our chimney to his.
he is irremediabley sulky, & will
not hear of it. To any other
chimney it can only be
carried at the risk of life,
over a shanty-tretched ^{slate} roof, covered
with three feet of fresh snow. It
would be difficult enough at any
time. Dangerous indeed now: &
we will not send a man where
we will not go ourselves. "None was
the black Man's time. He came,
hendies low & chinabrous -
just escaped from Slavery - accustom-
ed to creeping & clinging & desperate
dances, & seek his independency.

"Madam! only say you wish it done!" - "I cannot, Sir, under the circumstances. They tell me it is dangerous to life to do it."

"I am here to serve the Ladies — only say then, Madam, that you do not wish it." I cannot allow it."

"But Madam!" (an indescribable mixture of glee & devotioness —) "with a room!" "So!"

Off went his shoes & stockings. Up went he & the room, & the flag soon "flouted the sky" — or more truly, the Pro-Slavery Jubilee. We called him Van Tramp after this. But, though the room obviated all necessity of treading to a slipping uncertain footing, it could not make it safe to go about, — & so he took cold & had a stitch in his side, & we ordered "force remedies," & he was

life unsafe to us in those regions. Personally I was not
cared for. His wife & children
had heard that we would be
killed, they too, & we changed
our route by them & they are safe. We re-
ached the ~~front~~ ^{front} of the
battle field & are ~~now~~ ^{now} in
the ~~front~~ ^{front} of the
battle field. We are the last to leave.
We are looking forward to many
things as you may well un-
derstand from the papers. A school-
mate of my brother — a brother of
my friend — named William H. White,
will have taught the gospel in
the last 20 years (so) has been
murdered in the west. He was such
a people like to believe that he was
murdered for his money: but he had
just been engaged in a card-game without
having been kept out of the court
house in a fight & slave & slave, or will
not bring me admitted & he was
thought to be in disposition extreme-
ly regardless of right. He has disap-
peared out of life no one knows how.
He was the very man, ~~good~~, incan-
tions, misinterpretations, a little vain glorious,
to be killed by the slaveholders who make